THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. XI APRIL, 1924 NO. 4

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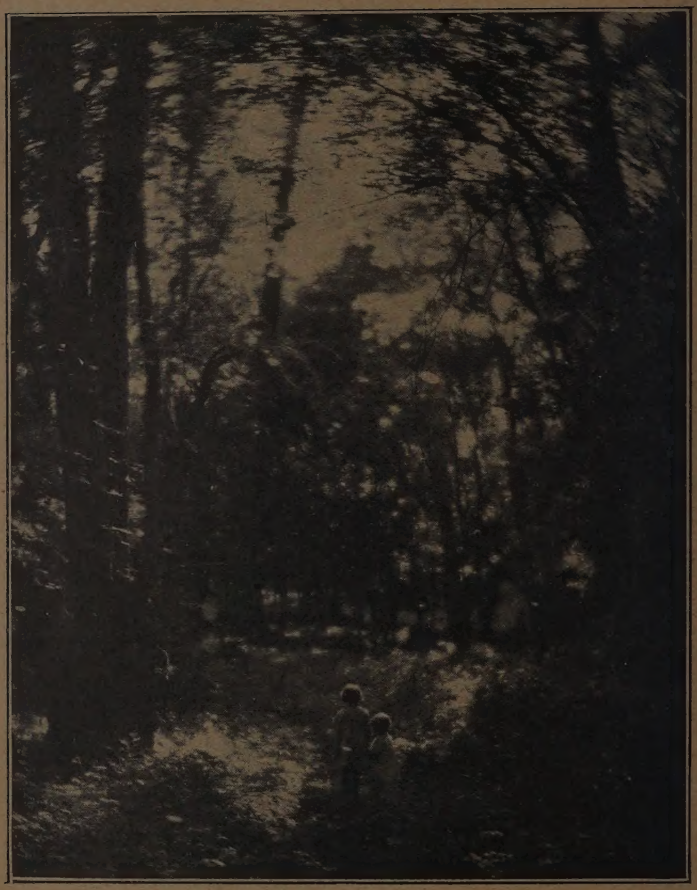
I Know How the Mother of Lazarus Felt

An Easter Poem

By Annie Pike Greenwood

I know how the mother of Lazarus felt;
Last night when I woke, the babe at my side
Lay still, strangely still—I felt his cold hands,
And his little cold feet, and his cheek, marble-cold.
I lifted his body, so limp in my arms.
"My baby! my baby! my baby!" I cried.
I shook him in frenzy of hope he might wake;
My tongue dried in fear, my heart ceased to beat.
The household came rushing, white-visaged, distraught.
And then, as the first light was flickering up,
He whimpered, he struggled, the babe at my breast—
O God! in that moment all heaven were mine!
I know how the mother of Lazarus felt.

And so all day long I watch him at play;
I beg him for kisses, and fondle him close;
The cup that he broke, the crumbs that he strewed,
The milk overturned, the magazine torn,—
How can I scold him and think of last night
When lifeless he seemed to lie limp in my arms?
How easy it is to forgive and caress
When I think, what if this were his burial day?
Oh, I know how the mother of Lazarus felt!



AN APRIL SUNSET IN A UTAH MAPLE FOREST

THE

Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XI APRIL, 1924 No. 4

Two Great Educators

Orson F. Whitney

In the City Cemetery, where I sometimes ramble, communing with my thoughts and reviving memories of the sainted dead, there are two monuments that I never pass without pausing to read the epitaphs engraved thereon. One of them follows:

KARL G. MAESER

ERECTED BY HIS PUPILS

Very simple, and withal very telling—a volume in seven words. No date or place of birth or of death—no attempt to tell upon cold granite the story of a life whose beneficent achievements are written imperishably upon the warm, pulsating hearts of thousands of living men and women—aye, thousands upon thousands, living and dead, who owned and still own him as their teacher.

—"the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend";

and who will ever hold him in affectionate remembrance for what he did for them while they were pupils under his watchcare.

The other stone is more explicit. It bears this inscription:

DR. JOHN R. PARK

BORN IN TIFFIN, OHIO, MAY 7, 1833

DIED IN SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 30, 1900

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

1869-1892

STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN UTAH

1895 TO THE DAY OF HIS DEATH

I knew both these men, and was a student under one of them long before the University of Utah grew out of the University of

Deseret, and when, in lieu of the group of stately buildings adorning the present commanding site, it occupied by permission the old Council House which stood, until accidentally destroyed by fire, upon the now busy commercial corner where the Deseret News has its home. Dr. Park was president of the University and its leading preceptor at that time.

American-born, a descendant of Scotch and Franco-German forebears, he had been educated in the district schools and colleges of his native state and was a medical graduate of the University of the City of New York. He had practiced medicine, taught school, and kept store in Ohio, before coming to Utah, in 1861. He came again in 1864, returning from an extended tour of the Pacific coast. During both those years he taught school in Draper, where he embraced the "Mormon" faith. He continued to reside there until the spring of 1869, when he was sent for by the Board of Regents of the Deseret University, who had elected him president of that institution. Accepting the honor conferred, he removed at once to Salt Lake City.

It was a turning point in the troubled career of Utah's "Parent School." Opening in November, 1850, in less than two years, owing to scant means and limited patronage, it closed its doors, discontinued the department of instruction, and fell into a Rip Van Winkle sleep of nearly twenty years. It was revived as a commercial school in 1867, but the real awakening came with the advent of Dr. Park. He organized the University upon a basis of classical, scientific and normal instruction, adapted to the practical needs of the Territory—now State—and launched it upon its new career.

His success was marked and immediate, and to the impetus given the cause of education, then and later, by his labors in and out of the University, is largely due the proud status of that now thriving institution, and the existence of Utah's excellent public school system. The University had its trials even with Dr. Park at the helm. Poor and homeless, it seemed fainting at times and about to succumb, but it struggled on, determined to succeed, and finally stood with firm feet upon the summit of its present prosperity.

Dr. Park enjoyed a popularity that falls to the lot of few men so placed. His students loved him as Napoleon's "Old Guard" loved their "Little Corporal;" and he also possessed the confidence and esteem of the chancellor and regents and his fellow members of the faculty. His method of instruction was plain, simple and effective. He could invest the driest subject with a fascinating charm, could awaken interest in the dullest mind, and hold the attention of the most frivolous. It was said of Gladstone, that master of oratory, that he "could make pippins and cheese interesting and tea serious." Dr. Park, though not an orator, wielded

a similar power in the class-room. Under his magnetic tutelage, mathematics became a joy, grammar and rhetoric a delightful dream.

Governing less by rule than by personal influence, he nevertheless imposed strict and wholesome regulations, and required that they be respected and obeyed. By a look he could command silence, and had but to speak in his low, earnest tone, and he made an impression as lasting as memory itself. Dignified, but never haughty, affable and condescending, he preserved an unbroken equanimity. Stern when necessary, he was never a scold; and though mirthful betimes, would never indulge in excessive levity. If a student whispered or made any noise that disturbed the class he was instructing, he would stop the recitation and fix a reproving eye upon the offender, who, as his voice rose higher and higher amidst a general stillness that grew deeper and deeper, would soon find himself the cynosure of all eyes and the most embarrassed and best punished pupil in the school. After frowning for some moments at the humiliated and by that time thoroughly penitent transgressor, the Doctor, without a word of reproof, would resume the recitation, as if nothing had happened. If this method failed to impress—though I never knew it to fail—or if the offense was something more serious, a quiet summons to the Doctor's office, and a kind, but earnest admonition appealing to the better nature of the breaker of rules would prove a sufficient corrective.

In delivering his instructions, Dr. Park would first remind his class that "attention is the mother of memory." He would then proceed with the lesson, using the simplest terms, never playing the pedant; never shooting over the heads of his students or smothering his ideas in big words and pompous rhetoric; but with Dickens-like simplicity and purity of diction, coming down to the level of his hearers and teaching so that all could understand.

While not religious, in the sense of being a regular meeting-goer, Dr. Park was a moral man. A vulgar word, an unchaste allusion, any indecent expression uttered in his presence, was sure to meet with his reproof—administered in such a way, however, that the guilty one could but feel grateful for the correction.

After twenty-three years of presidency over the University, Dr. Park, owing to failing health, retired; but three years later—Utah being about to enter the Union, and the election of state officers then pending—he let his name be placed upon the Republican ticket, for State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Dr. Maeser's name was on the Democratic ticket as a candidate for the same office. It was a Republican year, and Dr. Park was elected, and held the position during the last five years of his life.

After leaving the University, he made large gifts of books to

its library, and collections to its museum, and in various ways manifested an abiding interest in its welfare. He regarded it as his child—and child of him it virtually was, for he had adopted it in its childhood and reared it to maturity. At his death he made it his sole heir, bequeathing to it all his property. Provident and well-to-do, having an estate of about forty-five thousand dollars, he desired the institution whose long and arduous struggles he had witnessed, to profit by his death as it had profited by his life. Such was Dr. John R. Park, as I knew him.

Dr. Maeser was as unlike Dr. Park as the Church is unlike the State, as the mountain torrent is unlike the meadow brook. They differed widely, not only in appearance, but in manner, method, and speech. Dr. Park, as I have said, was not a religious man—not deeply so at all events. The schoolhouse was his temple and pedagogy, not preaching, his medium for imparting knowledge. Dr. Maeser was intensely religious—though at one time he knew it not. He taught religion in school and out, wherever it was lawfully permissible. A forceful orator, eloquent and convincing, he became a zealous and successful missionary.

Dr. Park stood for secular education, the training of the mental and physical in man. Dr. Maeser stood for all this and more. His educational ideals passed over the threshold of Time and strode down the halls of Eternity. With a full appreciation of the knowledge that makes men and women capable and skillful in this life, he prized and taught others to prize, above all, the knowledge that maketh wise unto salvation. How to make a living here—how to solve life's every-day problems, was of course important; but how to grapple successfully with the mightier problems of the Great Hereafter—how to store up treasures in heaven and lay hold upon eternal life, was far more consequential in the eyes of Karl G. Maeser. Education meant to him the leading out of all the latent potential powers of the individual—the training to perfection of every divine attribute in man, as the child of God and as a god himself in embryo. He stood for the full and complete development of the soul—body and spirit combined—mental, physical, moral and spiritual education—the education contemplated and inculcated by the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

To the gospel Dr. Maeser owed much—owed everything; for it found him a skeptic and made of him a devotee—a skeptic as to man-made creeds and religions; a devotee of heaven-revealed eternal truth. It enriched his thoughts, expanded his views, and elevated his ideals—in short, gave him the development that the gospel alone can give.

Conversion came to this man while he was a preceptor in Dresden, the capitol of Saxony. He was a typical German, proud

of his nationality, and a worthy representative of the best traditions of the fatherland. The son of an artist employed in the famous Dresden china-works at Meissen, he was born in that town January 16, 1828. He received his first training in the public schools of Meissen, and at twenty was graduated from the School Teachers Seminary in Dresden. After some experience as a private tutor in Bohemia, and later as a teacher in one of Dresden's large city schools, he became chief preceptor in the Budig Institute, also in Dresden.

It was about this time that he began to take an interest in "Mormonism," which was to furnish the field in which he was destined to accomplish his greatest work and win undying fame. Vague rumors concerning the "Mormons" and their persecutions had reached him in his childhood, when a published account of the mobbings and drivings of the Saints, accompanied by pictorial illustrations, came under his casual notice. Now the spirit of inquiry rested upon him, and he sought for further information. Having obtained the address of Elder Daniel Tyler, who was presiding over the Saints in Switzerland, he wrote to him inquiring about the Church and its doctrines. Elder Tyler sent him some gospel pamphlets—so poorly translated as to provoke the mirth of the young pedagogue and his boon companion, Edward Schoenfeld, who read them with him. Schoenfeld was also a teacher in the Dresden schools, and like his friend Maeser, a skeptic, steering by the light of science and philosophy, in preference to the flickering, uncertain light of modern Christianity.

As the two young men continued to read those humble pamphlets, a great change came over them. They became interested in the matter, ignoring the manner of its presentation, and when Elder Tyler wrote again, proposing to send a missionary to Dresden, and asking how such a one should introduce himself in a land where there was no religious liberty, they answered with pleased alacrity, "Let him come as a private instructor." This suggestion, forwarded to Liverpool, the headquarters of the European mission, was at once acted upon. President Franklin D. Richards sent Elder William Budge to introduce the gospel in the kingdom of Saxony.

Elder Budge began his labors in Dresden as a private tutor in the home of Dr. Maeser, teaching him and his family, with a few friends, the doctrines of "Mormonism"—the principles of the everlasting gospel. He used for that purpose a Bible with the German text in one column and the English in the other, pointing out the striking passages to his little group of listeners. The result was the conversion of the Maeser household and those who met with them for instruction.

Karl G. Maeser was baptized by President Franklin D. Richards,

in the River Elbe, on the night of October 14, 1855. The President was assisted by Elder Budge, who stood on one side of the convert, and not only helped to immerse him, but repeated in German for his benefit the words of the baptismal rite, as they fell in English from the lips of the apostle. Professor Schoenfeld was baptized in like manner on the same occasion.

And now occurred a most remarkable incident—indeed, a miraculous one. While returning home, President Richards and Dr. Maeser walked side by side conversing, the former in English, the latter in German, Elder Budge interpreting for both. At a certain point, much to his surprise, he was told by President Richards that he need not interpret any further, as he and Dr. Maeser understood each other perfectly. It was a manifestation of the spiritual gift of interpretation of tongues, confirming the Savior's promise of the "signs" that were to "follow them that believe." At the Maeser home, on the following sabbath, a branch of the Church was organized.

Aware of the storm that his action would evoke when it became known, Dr. Maeser voluntarily resigned his position in Dresden, and having been ordained to the priesthood, went as a missionary to London, where he built up a branch among the German inhabitants of that great city. He then crossed the Atlantic, labored as a missionary in Philadelphia, taught school in Richmond, Virginia, and after presiding for a season over the Philadelphia Saints, came to Utah with his family, arriving at Salt Lake City in October, 1860.

There was an immediate demand for his services as a teacher, and in the Fifteenth and Twentieth wards, where he successively opened schools, he won golden opinions for his pedagogical skill. Subsequently he was private tutor in the family of President Brigham Young, and during the same period, organist for the Tabernacle Choir. This was in the days of the Old Tabernacle, which stood where the Assembly Hall now stands.

From 1867 to 1870 he presided over the Saints in Switzerland and Germany, where his rare abilities as an organizer and a disciplinarian came into play. A marked feature of his administration was a wonderful system of teachers' report books, which rendered impossible any shirking of duty by a visiting teacher without its being known. He established the German *Star* (*Der Stern*), which still sheds its light over the Swiss and German mission. Returning home, he resumed his professional labors, and during the next six years continued to reside in Salt Lake City.

Then came the great opportunity for which all his past experience, had been a preparation. He organized at Provo, in 1876, the Brigham Young Academy, the nucleus of the now flour-

ishing system of Church schools which have done and are doing so much for the young people of Zion and for the general advancement of the great cause committed to the Saints of latter days. He was called to this work by President Brigham Young who, in answer to his inquiry as to how he should proceed, simply said: "Brother Maeser, don't attempt to teach even the multiplication table without the Spirit of the Lord." A small acorn—but what a mighty oak has sprung from it!

It was a stupendous task that had been placed upon him, an undertaking before which most men, even most educators, would have quailed. The Academy was then but a name—there was no endowment, no equipment, and it had not a place to lay its head. But the faith and indomitable will of Karl G. Maeser were equal to the situation. With the bare, brief hint given him—bare but not barren, brief, yet infinite in suggestion—the veteran departed upon his errand; and how well he carried out the counsel of the Lord's servant, how thoroughly he did the work assigned him, nearly a half century of splendid success on the part of the school that he brought into being, eloquently testifies.

Dr. Maeser's method of teaching was antipodal to Dr. Park's —diametrically opposite; and yet equally effective. The German-trained pedagogue did not invite attention—he compelled it. Vigorous and vehement, he could be ironically stern, or pathetically mild, as occasion demanded. Despite his, at times, severe tone and somewhat brusque manner there was that about him which attracted powerfully. His students were drawn to him as irresistibly as the needle to the pole.

He inculcated truthfulness and chastity as cardinal points of character, and put his students upon honor as to their conduct in and out of school, giving them to understand what it would mean to abuse and thus lose his confidence. "Character is power," he told them; and to impress upon them the vital importance of good conduct, he said: "Our conduct in a previous life conditioned us in this life; and our conduct here will condition us hereafter"—a noble expounding of the divine doctrine, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Thus, while educating the minds and bodies of his students, he was careful to instill into them the principles of religion and morality. The Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price were among the text-books of the Brigham Young Academy. Prayer and testimony were required of the students, and the atmosphere of worship pervaded the class rooms. All branches of learning, whether secular or sacred, were inculcated under the influence of the Spirit of the Lord. The result was that graduates from this school went forth from its portals firm in the faith, believers in God, Latter-day Saints,

equipped not only for expert office work and skilled labor of various kinds, but also for intelligent and efficient service in the Church schools and mission fields.

Up to the fall of 1888, Dr. Maeser continued to be the principal of the Brigham Young Academy—now University. He was then given the position of General Superintendent of Church Schools—the great scholastic system sprung from the parent shoot that he had planted and—it might almost be said—watered with his tears; for the Brigham Young University, like the state university, came up through much tribulation. As general superintendent he organized Church schools far and wide, and visited them faithfully, his tours of inspection extending from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south. In the constitutional convention of 1895, he helped to frame the organic law upon which Utah was admitted into the Union, giving to that instrument the benefit of his constructive wisdom and ripe experience as an educator, materially affecting for good the public school system therein provided for. As general superintendent of Church schools and assistant general superintendent of Sabbath schools, he diligently served until death summoned him. He passed away at his home in Salt Lake City, February 15, 1901.

Unlike Dr. Park, Dr. Maeser left no legacy. He had none to leave. He was not a maker of money, and died as he had lived, poor, or in very moderate circumstances. But he gave something far more precious than gold and silver or stocks and bonds to the noble institution of which he was the architect and builder, and to the mighty system that has grown out of it. He gave himself—left the impress of his upright example, his pearl-like precepts, and the lasting memory of the patient labor of the best years of his life, as an inspiration to his successors for all time to come.

Such men as Dr. Park and Dr. Maeser need no monuments; yet it is fitting, most fitting that we rear them—not as reminders of their virtues and achievements, so well and widely known, but as tokens of reverence and esteem for these "dead but sceptered sovereigns who yet rule our spirits from their urns."

EDITORIAL

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Vol. XI APRIL, 1924 No. 4

Phoebe Nourse Donated the First Money for a National Cathedral in Washington

This is the 22nd of February. All over the United States people are observing the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. Today as one visits the city of Washington it is impossible to suppress a feeling of admiration that is aroused by the beauty of the city. Every new building that is erected with the thought of adding to its attractiveness; every bridge that is made artistic as well as useful; every road and boulevard that is improved; and every building that makes for the majesty and glory of the National Capitol is but fulfilling the dream of George Washington who "wanted the Capitol to be the expression of the best in the nation."

To this end he spent a great amount of time planning with Major L'Enfant detail after detail in the city's development. In L'Enfant's plan for the city, among the structures listed to be erected is found a suggestion for a church. Today there is a National Cathedral being built on Mount St. Olvens. The thought in erecting this cathedral is to make it an American Westminster Abbey where great Americans may be entombed.

It will doubtless be of interest to our readers to learn that the first money contributed for the erection of this cathedral was contributed by a young girl. The story goes that Joseph Nourse, who lived in a fine, colonial mansion on St. Olvens, who was the first Registrar of the Treasury, and a friend of Washington and Jefferson, prayed, because of the beauty and vantage point of the hill, that a church might some day be built where he stood.

Phoebe Nourse, his granddaughter, invalid though she was, devoted herself to making real her grandfather's prayer. She made little articles of fancy work with her needle, and relatives and friends bought them; then she put the money away very carefully, never telling anyone why she did so. In 1848 she died. A small box among her effects contained $40 in gold. The receptacle that held the money was marked "For a free church on Olven's Hill."

So deeply touched were her relatives and friends by the beauty and sincerity of her offering that a number of them set to work to increase the fund. The boys of the church school, who found lodging in her grandfather's mansion, dug the foundation of a church. From that humble beginning has grown the idea and the realization of our present National Cathedral where a number of church officials, prominently connected with the church, are buried, and where Woodrow Wilson's remains are now resting.

Six Generations in the Church

At a dinner given in honor of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, during her recent visit to Utah, Mrs. Augusta W. Grant, wife of President Heber J. Grant, responding to a toast, said that she was proud to state that among her ancestors were those of Revolutionary fame; and yet, prouder of the fact that six generations of her people have been and are at present affiliated with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The first one in line on her father's side was Gideon Burdick, a Revolutionary soldier who was with Washington at the crossing of the Delaware. His daughter Rebecca, her grandmother Winters, died on the plains in her effort to reach the valleys of the mountains from her eastern home. Her father, Oscar Winters, a well known pioneer of the state, is third in line. Mrs. Grant, herself, marks the fourth generation, while her daughter Mary, now Mrs. Robert Lund Judd, is of the fifth generation and Mary's children are of the sixth.

It is most extraordinary that the same thing is true on the maternal side of the family as on the paternal side. Mrs. Grant's maternal grandmother's father was Aaron Frost and her grandmother was Mary Frost Stearns. Then came her mother, Mary Ann Winters, marking the third generation, herself the fourth, her daughter Mary Grant Judd the fifth, and Mary's children the sixth.

The Frosts are of Puritan extraction. They came to America ten years after the landing of the *Mayflower,* in the same ship as Governor Winthrop. Some of their descendants figured in the early Indian Wars.

This story is a challenge to all persons who have remarked that "Mormonism" could hardly be expected to outlive the third generation.

Two Surveys

In sharp contrast to the black map showing the prevalence of goiter in this part of the country, is the map presented by government agents affecting the liquor traffic indicating that Utah and Idaho are almost in a white column.

The issue of February 28 of the *Literary Digest* gives a map drawn by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General, showing the extent to which prohibition is not being enforced. In this map both Utah and Idaho show up to good advantage. They are in the lightest part of the map. Only three states in the Union are published as being only 5% wet, and these states are Idaho, Utah, and Kansas. Six states are 10% wet. These states are Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Iowa and Tennessee. If Colorado, which is listed as being 15% wet, were only 10% or less, with the exception only of Tennessee somewhat removed geographically from the others, all these states having the lowest per cent of wetness would be together.

Again there is reason for the Latter-day Saints to be proud, for long before the passage of the Federal Suffrage Amendment the states where Latter-day Saints resided had all been enfranchised. Now it turns out that the two states in which the greatest number of Latter-day Saints reside are the driest, and are matched only by Kansas which had statewide prohibition many years before Utah and Idaho entered the dry column.

There are people who appear to be discouraged because of the wetness, particularly of the states along the coast lines, but the fact that many states in the interior are making headway with the problem should encourage those who are interested in enforcing the law. There are many people in Utah today who recall that thirty, forty, and fifty years ago, it was quite a common thing for English people to have beer in their homes, and people of other nationalities to drink other sorts of liquor. We recall distinctly seeing workmen on buildings given a glass of beer at 10:30 in the morning. Now, despite the fact that some people, who regard themselves as social leaders, insist on serving, at dinner parties and other social gatherings, liquor in various forms, under the mistaken notion that they are showing great hospitality to their guests, chiefly because liquor is hard to obtain and costly when it is obtained, there is improvement in the situation.

None should be disheartened; but everyone should be seeking

to order his life, his words, and his example in such fashion, that when the Prohibition Amendment shall be eight, rather than four years of age, there will be a notable decrease in the use of intoxicants throughout all this proud land.

A Perfect Day

It is not a great while ago that authors and composers gave the product of their minds without any thought of remuneration; in other words they had to depend on the kindness of well-disposed, interested persons to be able to publish that which they had created. Consequently, it is with a good deal of satisfaction that we learn that Mrs. Carry Jacobs-Bond has made her fortune through the writing of the words and the music of one song, *A Perfect Day*.

Mrs. Bond was left penniless by the death of her husband. She tried painting china to make a living, and wrote some songs which she published in her own bedroom. Finally she wrote *A Perfect Day* which met with great favor everywhere it was sung. Five million copies of this song have been sold from which she has received royalties, thus making her quite independent. We take it for granted that most persons are acquainted with the words, but lest any may not be, we are including them in this editorial:

A Perfect Day

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part?

Well this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true,
For memory has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day,
The soul of a friend we've made.

The Sego Lily

(Utah's State Flower)

By Elizabeth Noble

Flower of our State, thy pure white bell,
With deepest crimson flecked;
Thy dainty grace proclaims thee queen,
On fields with wild flowers decked,
And not thy beauty rare alone
To our eyes make appeal,
Thy homely roots, to hungry folks,
Provide a welcome meal.

As oft the famished pioneers
Have proved in days bygone,
When all that kept hearts from despair
Was living faith alone.
Faith kept alive by sight of thee,
Sweet "Lily of the Field,"
Arrayed with beauty greater far
Than kingly vestures yield.

Oh, flower we love, when spring returns
We welcome thee again,
With thee our loved ones' graves we deck,
With thee greet Easter's reign.
While life remains we'll cherish thee,
Thy beauties we will tell;
And take thy message to our hearts,
Brought by thy snowy bell.

Simple Trimming for Summer Dresses

By Vilate Elliott, Brigham Young University

While very satisfactory ready-made clothing of all kinds can be purchased; only in the more costly qualities can they be found for the woman who appreciates good materials in fast colors and good workmanship. For this reason the thrifty young mother finds she can cut down her clothing budget by choosing good styles and materials and making the summer dresses for herself and children.

Gingham and percale are standard fabrics for house dresses, the gingham especially being serviceable in fast colors both for women and children. Combinations in colors with simple trimmings such as bias tape and rick-rack braid make very attractive dresses for all classes.

The following illustrations show some of the ways of using bias tape and rick-rack braid.

Figure 1. Shows the sun-bonnet baby apron, this one was made from light-blue chambry with pink chambry used for the baby. The sun-bonnet baby is enlarged elsewhere in this article. The rick-rack braid both on the baby, sleeves and neck are tacked in place with a French knot of black cotton.

Figure 2. Could be made with a combination of colors or the rick-rack braid set on to give the desired effect. The flowers are made from the braid, the center one is filled with French knots, or the center could be a contrasting color, the smaller ones are made of the braid with the points meeting in the center, then a lazy daisy stitch placed in each petal with a few French knots in the center.

Figure 3. Is a very pleasing little dress, the bias tape gives the effect of a little flounce, the bias is folded and stitched double around the dress, with strips of tape set on across the front, this gives a neat finish. The neck and sleeves and shoulders are bound with the tape, a short placket on each shoulder fastened with a snap makes it easy to put on. This works up well in any color, black sateen with red bias tape is very effective.

Figure 4. Is a cunning dress in pink gingham with striped or checked insets, the white bias tape is used to bind the insets also to give the flounce effect to the skirt.

Figure 5. This would be very pretty in tan and brown gingham with a brown checked bias tape used for finishing.

Fig. 1

Fig. 2.

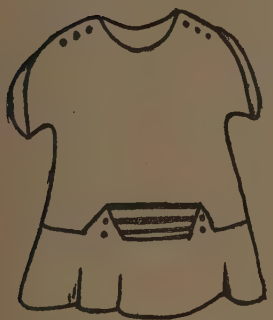


Fig. 3

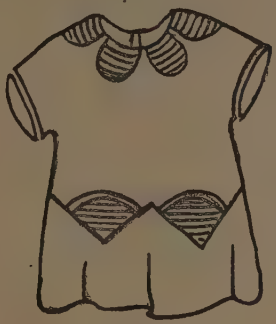


Fig. 4

Fig. 5

Fig. 6

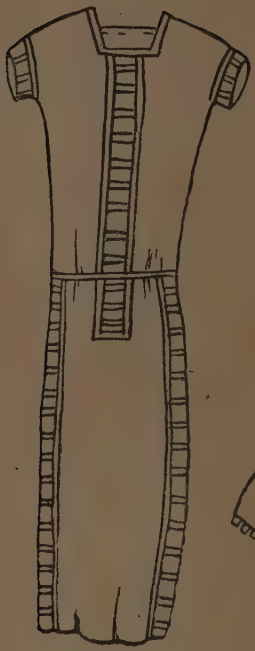


Fig 7

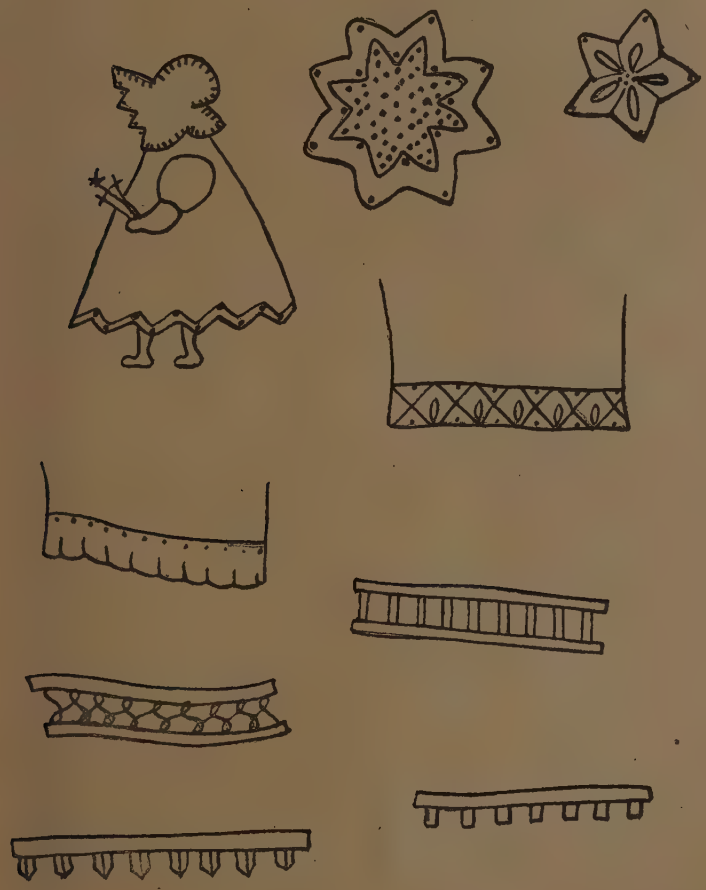
Fig. 8

Fig 9

Figure 6. Could be any color with the neck, sleeves, and shoulder line bound in contrasting color. The belt is also bound. Mock buttonholes, made of bias tape, and buttons may be used as trimmings on the shoulders and belt.

These dresses are all made with the butterfly pattern because they are easy to make and to iron.

Figure 7. White cotton suiting, trimmed with yellow bias tape in the ladder work pattern would be very pleasing. This



would also work up well in combination colors in gingham or percale.

Figure 8. Peter-pan lavender gingham finished with white bias tape or harmonizing color could be used. One side is trimmed with the mock buttonholes while the other side has the buttons.

Figure 9. Made of pink lawn and trimmed with pink lawn bias tape tab trimming made by folding the tape double and stitching under the continuous row.

Bias tape may be held in place with quick, easy embroidery stitches, or two edges may be faggoted together as shown on page 181

Note: If your merchant does not carry the width or color desired, you can purchase it at the following address:

Wm. E. Wright and Sons, 350-370 Scotland Road, Orange, New Jersey.

An Easter Thought

There's life and death and life again;
'Tis nature's law. God did ordain
That flowers bloom and fade and die.
They do not die but only lie
Beneath the snow the winter through.
They'll live again; they'll bloom anew;
They only sleep, deep in the earth,
And when spring comes there's life and birth.

The trees and shrubs are brown and bare,
But soon there's beauty everywhere.
The warm sunshine and gentle rain
Will nature bring to life again.
'Tis like the resurrection morn
When man the second time is born.
Friends are not dead, but only sleep.
Then why should we be sad and weep?

The Savior died upon the tree.
He died to set the sinner free.
He was not dead but only slept
While round his tomb the mourners wept.
He conquered death and rose again
While angels sang in glad refrain.
There is no death, 'tis only sleep.
Then why bemoan our fate? Why weep?

—William C. T. Adams.

Wisdom of the Ancients Reflected in our Modern Salads

Elizabeth Cannon, Dept. of Foods and Nutrition, Brigham Young University

Our taste for salads does not indicate an ultra-modern desire; the taste for them is an inheritance from classic times and eastern lands. At the Passover the Hebrews ate lettuce, dandelion and mint combined with oil and vinegar with a relish equaling our aptitude for thousand island dressing and lettuce. The rich Greeks imported lettuce from Smyrna to be eaten at the close of the meal, nor were they the only ancients who indulged in iron and vitamines. Rome in her glory imitated the Greeks and later served lettuce with eggs at the beginning of the meal for an appetizer. The ancient physicians valued it for medicine. Galen, the Greek physician, called it the "Philosopher's or wise man's herb."

Today our salad is even more versatile than in ancient times. The proper kind of salad can be served any place in the meal that we desire. If our appetites are languishing what could be more enticing than a cold, crisp fruit salad or a highly seasoned fish? Nor shall we stop at the beginning. In the elegance of a many course dinner, what could better tickle the palate for a fish course than a delicately seasoned fish salad with the glory of all its accompaniments? For the main dish of a luncheon or a "balm of Gilead" to our fevered bodies in the summer what could be better relished than a tastily prepared salad? Any light salad is always a "stand-by" when we never know just what to serve for a side dish to the main course in a meal. The "last word" in a formal dinner is to serve a separate salad course. Who could fail to relish such after a heavy main dish? And finally, what could satiate the appetite and be a better benediction for the close of a meal than a delicious fruit salad dressed with sweet dressing?

Ponce de Leon started searching for the fountain of youth and we have been in its quest by way of tonics or gland cures ever since. But stop, the way has been found! We read that "salads refresh without exciting and make people younger;" whether true or not we know that "salad plants are better tonics and blood purifiers than druggists' compounds." These blood purifiers and tonics available to us are nothing more than the plebian greens of our garden, such as lettuce, watercress, beet tops, dandelions, spinach, celery, and cabbage. Their accompaniments are the three oil dressings, French, Mayonnaise and Thousand Island, boiled salad dressing and the sweet fruit dressing.

And upon what do these superfunctional qualities of salad depend? Why, the mineral, vegetable acids, vitamines and cellulose are as gold mines to our bodies to say nothing of the protein, fat, and carbo-hydrate supplied in abundance in different salads.

A true salad maker is an artist. "How can I be one?" did I hear some one say? Listen closely and you will hear the tricks of the trade. An attractive salad must have the following qualities: (1) freshness; (2) crispness; (3) appetizing combination; (4) harmonizing with meal, china, and table decorations; (5) coolness; 6) attractive color; (7) appropriateness to meal.

A dinner salad should rarely, if ever, be heavy or complex. It should be of fresh fruits or vegetables delicately served. The heavy or more complex ones should be served alone or at a less hearty meal.

Each salad constituent should be considered and only such things combined that will harmonize or best develop its especial flavor.

And finally, you would-be artists, remember that "a salad can be made so beautiful as to lend a charm and grace to its surroundings, and so delicious that, when daintily served, it will go far, of itself, to redeem from utter failure a very ordinary dinner."

A Message

By Mrs. Parley Nelson

How can you sing so joyously,
O bird, upon your tilting spray?
One whom I love has gone from me—
My world is dark and cold today.
My head is bowed with grief and fears,
Bewildered by Death's mystery,
Before me stretch the weary years—
Why mock me with your melody?

Why do I sing my joyous lay,
O weary mortal, crushed and bowed?
I feel the breath of spring today
And see the sun beyond the cloud.
God placed me here that I might sing
To cheer the world when things go wrong,
And he who do'eth all things well,
Sends forth a message in my song.

The Scent of the Hyacinth

An Easter Story

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

Mrs. Burt went out into the spring garden to get a pot of hyacinths to take to her husband's room in the hospital. She selected pink blossoms as being not only beautiful but cheerful. As she lingered there in the beds of brightly colored flowering bulbs, one of the bravest inspirations came to her that she had felt since her bereavement the autumn before.

They had buried her small daughter about the time that they had planted the bulbs, and she liked to think that Ardelle's soul had blossomed into fresh beauty in the spirit world just as the hyacinths had burst into bloom. Unhampered by the restrictions of the flesh, the soul can pursue its untrammeled way to progression.

All winter the child's passing had cast its gloom over the house. The mother found her only solace in attending to the constant demands of her other children and the sustaining love of her husband. Eventually time, the great healer, would help her. But now Dan was stricken ill and dread held her in thrall.

They had not been married in the temple. Young and heedless, they had not thought much about it at the time. They were located some distance away and they had not made the necessary effort to go to the "House of the Lord." The attention of the young couple was taken up with lesser things.

Since the first break in the family ties she had regretted it because her mind had run on the life after death. It was her one hope of being re-united with Ardelle.

Recently she had attended the funeral of a man who had neglected going through the temple and having his family sealed to him. Death had come upon him swiftly. When his stricken wife wanted his work done as he had intended, she was told she would have to wait. So instead of being dressed in the beautiful temple robes, he had been buried in a palm beach suit!

That morning when she opened her Bible for her daily verse, her eyes had fallen on the line: As a man "thinketh in his heart so is he." So she had bravely decided that she would think the things that she desired, life and health and success, and not brood over the dead past.

It was the springtime of the year, and the sun revivified the world. She would take a lesson from the earth that donned new garb at this season. The flowers emerged re-incarnated and

radiant from their winter's hibernating. People should take a lesson from nature and put on fresh raiment in the Spring. Imbued with the idea, she betook herself to a sale of remnants at one of the stores that morning, and bought a liberal supply of goods. She would make new clothes for the children. She would get so busy preparing for life that she would have no time to brood over death.

Just as the garden had burst into color, so she would brighten the house to get it ready for her husband's return. New courage animated her. She dressed and made her way to the hospital. The spring sun shone even in the bare hospital room.

Her husband's face, not quite so gray-yellow as it had been, brightened at the sight of her.

"You bring the spring with you," he smiled.

"Nonsense. It's the hyacinths," she replied with raillery. "How are you today?"

"Better. They say that the blood pressure is reduced, and that I can go on with the hydro-therapy at home."

"Oh, I'm so glad. It will be fine to have you home."

"Maybe I won't be glad to get home!"

She drew her chair up beside the bed and took his hand between hers.

"I am going to propose to you," she whispered mysteriously. "You know that this is leap year."

Her husband looked queer.

"As soon as you are able I want you to go to the temple with us and have me and the children sealed to you for this world and the life to come. I could not bear not to have you always," her voice broke. "Besides, we will feel better about Delle. We want to know that she belongs to us forever and has just gone on before. Not only that but going to the temple will help make you well."

For answer he drew her face down beside him on the pillow. A contented sigh escaped him.

A Thought

By A. F. Harman

Superintendent, Montgomery County, Alabama

I know a little flower, wild,
Stormtossed, sun-kissed, the gentle child
Of all the spirits of the wood;
So frail of form, so fair of face
I wonder that its charm and grace
Prevail against the evil flood.
Fair flower, sprung from lowly sod,
A thought thou art, a thought from God.

Dr. McCollum Coming to Utah

By Carrie Castle Dozier, Dean of the School of Home Economics, Utah Agricultural College

The study of human nutrition and of the dietary needs of the individual has made such rapid strides during the past decade that our information on human nutrition of but a short time ago is largely in the discard. It is necessary, if we are to feed ourselves as intelligently as we feed our dairy cows and our cattle, that we keep in constant touch with the new information that is being so rapidly accumulated in this field.

Because the Utah Agricultural College realized the desire on the part of Utahns for an opportunity to study present methods of human nutrition from an expert in this field, the Institution secured Dr. E. V. McCollum, Head of the Department of Human Nutrition of Johns Hopkins' University, to offer credit courses of six weeks' duration in human nutrition at the Utah Agricultural College National Summer School. These courses offered by Dr. McCollum should make a particular appeal to Utah, because I do not believe that there is a group of people in the entire United States more interested, in all that concerns the promotion of happy, healthful and useful living, than the people of this state.

Dr. McCollum spent last summer at the University of California and his classes were among the most popular. The room assigned him was overcrowded the first day; the larger room provided the second day of the term proved entirely inadequate to house those who had registered for his work; and a room of still larger size had to be abandoned in favor of one of the largest class rooms on the Berkeley campus before the end of the first week. There were numbers of Utah people among the students and visitors in his classes who will rejoice in Utah's good fortune in securing his services for the coming summer.

Dr. McCollum is best known to students of nutrition through his book, *The Newer Knowledge of Nutrition*, which is used as a text in many colleges and universities. He is also the author of the more popular, but just as scientific treatise, *The American Home Diet*. His most widely known contribution to human welfare, however, has had to do with vitamines. Until about ten years ago it was believed that an animal body, human or otherwise, could be nourished on foods made up of water, carbohydrates, fats, proteins and minerals. Why animals given plenty of these purified substances failed to thrive or even live was a mystery, and Professor McCollum helped to solve the question through his discovery that the necessary but minute quantities of organic

DR. E. V. McCOLLUM

Head of the Department of Human Nutrition of
Johns Hopkins' University

substances now known as vitamines, are absent from such combinations. In fact it is to him that we are indebted for the names which they bear, fat soluble A, water soluble B and C. There is an abundance of these in certain foods, an entire absence in other foods, while midway between these two groups stand those which have only a moderate store of these necessary to life and health, but still chemically unidentified substances. Milk, eggs, and leafy vegetables are representatives of the first class and are called by McCollum the "protective foods."

There is no doubt in Professor McCollum's mind but that human efficiency could be raised measurably by proper food. In this connection I can do no better than to quote from his *Newer Knowledge of Nutrition*: "The concentrated efforts of the author during a period of fourteen years have been devoted to observing the effects of diets of different types on experimental animals. During this time a continuous search has been carried on for information of any and every kind which would aid in correlating the results of the laboratory with those of practical experience. Year by year this has increased his conviction that the scientific discoveries in the field of nutrition are destined to be recognized as the most fundamental of the agencies that contribute to the health, happiness and achievement of man. Some time must elapse before a full appreciation of the importance of approximating the optimum in the character of the food supply can be expected, but when appreciated at its full value, our knowledge in the field of the science of nutrition will be regarded as our most precious possession."

There is so much pseudo-scientific information on the subject of foods these days that it is a great satisfaction to know that one of the foremost authorities on the subject in America is to be in our midst for six weeks. He has unusual ability to translate into every-day terms the scientific facts which he and others have discovered in their laboratories with regard to adequate diets, and his lectures are replete with practical information. On the other hand, his classes at the Johns Hopkins' Medical College afford a striking example of his ability to present the same subject couched in terms of scientific accuracy and detail. The information he will bring to Utah this summer will be as valuable to the housewife as to the college or university student. For the benefit of the former let me quote, "The greatest good is to come to the next generation, so far as educational effort can accomplish its purpose, through the solicitude of mothers and fathers in so caring for their unborn and born children as to obviate the establishment of those physical defects which not only prevent normal muscular development but which affect the entire outlook upon life." Professor McCollum's courses will be invaluable to advanced students in the guidance they will provide in efforts

to sift, digest and assimilate "the vast literature which has grown up within a few years, relating to nutrition investigations, in which there is much that is confusing."

While Dr. McCollum's work will be of particular interest to the women of the state, there will be other outstanding factors at the National Summer School who will have messages of great value to offer. In addition to Dr. McCollum the following leading educators will offer credit courses during the summer session: Prof. W. C. Allee, Department of Zoology, University of Chicago; Dr. Emmett D. Angell, Lecturer at Yale, Harvard and Wisconsin Universities; Recreational Leadership: Dr. Eliot Blackwelder, Head Department of Geology, Stanford University; Dr. E. C. Branson Head Department of Rural Sociology, University of North Carolina; Prof. Henry C. Cowles, Department of Botany, University of Chicago; Prof. Raymond Franzen of the Department of Education, University of California; Prof. R. S. Knappen, of the Department of Geology, University of Kansas; Dr. R. C. McLain, Supervisor of Health Education, Detroit, Michigan; Prof. Frederick Merk, Department of History, Harvard University; Prof. C. A. Reed, Asst. Prof. Agricultural Engineering, Ohio State University; Prof. Frederick J. Turner, Head Department of Western History, Harvard University; Prof. E. L. Thorndike, Head Department of Psychology and Education, Columbia University; Prof. Thomas D. Wood, Head Department of Physical and Health Education, Columbia University. In addition to this teaching faculty, special lectures will be given by Prof. John Adams, Prof. of Psychology and Education, University of London; Dr. William F. Anderson, Director Gymnasium, Yale University; Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey, Dean Emeritus of the New York State College of Agriculture; Dr. David Starr Jordan, President Emeritus, Stanford University; Prof. Shailer Matthews, Dean of the Divinity School, University of Chicago; Prof. E. A. Steiner, Head, Department of Social Science and Applied Christianity, Grinnel College; Dr. A. E. Winship, Editor *Journal of Education,* Boston, Mass.

Something to Think About

By Heber J. Sears, M. D., Head of Department of Hygiene
University of Utah

Goiter and the Dullard

Not so very long ago the dull school child was placed upon a high stool with a "dunce cap" on his head. It was assumed that he could learn if he would only apply himself. His dullness was supposed to be due to laziness. He was jeered at, humiliated in various ways, and even flogged for his stupidity.

Now we know that if a child fails to keep up with his class there is usually some physical or mental defect. This defect may or may not be correctable. As a rule, the fault is more likely to be with his parents than with the child, but we now look for the causes instead of punishing the victim.

Much scientific study has been done on this subject since the days of Dickens, and a flood of light has been thrown upon the dark corners of the problem. It is now incumbent upon us, as a civilized nation, to apply this knowledge.

It is estimated that, in the United States, some forty million dollars is wasted annually on backward or mentally retarded children—in re-teaching them what they have already been taught but have failed to learn.

The Mystery of the Glands

Glands regulate personality. Glands determine the quality of our mentality. We have all grades of intelligence ranging from idiocy, on the one hand, to genius, on the other. The glands often determine which it shall be.

We are curiously and wonderfully made. In our bodies we carry around a great number of glands. These glands preside over the chemistry of the body. If a gland is upset the chemistry of the body is upset, for most of the body processes are chemical processes.

It would seem that in the human economy almost every process is dependent upon some other process—every gland upon the function of some other gland—and that health—physical and mental—depends upon the harmonious cooperative working of all the glands.

There are two periods in life when body growth is exceedingly rapid—these are the prenatal period and the period of adolescence. These periods of rapid growth call for increased nourishment and for increased activity on the part of all the glands.

In the nine months preceding birth, the weight increase is nearly a billionfold—from a microscopic cell to seven or eight pounds. After birth the rate of growth decreases gradually until the age of puberty when a second period of rapid growth begins.

The brain is the driving force in man and animals. Whether the brain drives well or poorly depends upon at least three glands —these are the liver, the adrenals, and the thyroid. If the thyroid gland is absent or inactive the brain is dull and its owner stupid.

If a child is born without a thyroid gland or with a thyroid gland that fails to function, he is called a cretin. Such an unfortunate individual is dwarfed in body and mind. He presents a toad-like appearance. The skin is dry, the tissues under the skin seem very thick and boggy, the forehead is low, the base of the nose is broad, the mouth half-open, and the hair coarse. The whole picture is a revolting sight.

Until within the last half century, such cases were considered hopeless. Then a great light dawned. Medical science discovered the cause and, as in many other cases, the cause suggested the remedy. That these otherwise doomed creatures can be rescued from hopeless idiocy is a triumph of experimental medicine unparalleled in its history.

In the front part of the neck is a very important structure called the thyroid gland. It is a structure in which we are all deeply interested because it so frequently gives trouble. It forms almost a letter "H"—in the upper part of which rests the "Adam's Apple." You cannot feel this gland unless it is enlarged. When it is enlarged we say its owner has goiter.

If the thyroid gland is absent or inactive in a child the child may be dull, or feebleminded, or even idiotic. If the thyroid gland ceases to function in adult life, physical and mental degeneration rapidly sets in.

The thyroid gland has been called "The Gland of Romance," because it sometimes acts like a barometer, varying with the tide of affection and other emotions. It is known to be definitely associated with the reproductive function. A woman with a goiter, if not treated, may give birth to a mentally defective child.

The thyroid gland is also linked up with the liver, with the digestive processes, and, perhaps, with several other processes. It is associated with a number of other ductless glands known by the general name of Endocrine glands. These glands play important roles in the body economy.

The business of the thyroid gland is to manufacture a substance we now call thyroxin. It would seem that the purpose of thyroxin is to regulate the amount of oxidation in the cells of the body. The purpose of oxygenating the cells is to keep the fires burning. So the thyroid gland regulates the supply

of thyroxin and the thyroxin regulates the supply of oxygen to the tissues.

The sunny side of this problem will be handled in this Magazine next month.

The Seven Ages of Play

(With apologies to Shakespeare).

By Charles H. Keene, M. D.
Director, Bureau of Health Education, Harrisburg, Penn.

Play has seven ages; first, instinctive mover,
Struggling and crawling in a tiny orbit;
And then the imitator, with his toys
And gleaming, sunny smile, toddling like puppy
Happily about; and then, the savage,
Throwing, striking, mauling, as a joyful tribute
Paid to his race's story; then a hunter
Bent on swift chase, and speeding like the fox,
Cruel in habit, sudden and quick in seizing,
Seeking the phantom quarry
Even in the crowded street; and then, the nomad,
Of fair, round visage, and glad, smiling mouth
With eyes serene, and pet at tripping heel,
Full of kind thoughts and happy instances:
And so he plays his race. The sixth age slips
Into the fair and joyful agriculture;
On gard'ning intent, and things that grow,
His youthful soul content with play so wise
For his small head—with his big, beaming eyes,
Turning again toward race's past—he digs
And struggles in the soil. Last scene of all,
That ends this childish growth, the tribesman,
In growing consciousness of his racial goal,
Does stunts, plays games, forms teams, co-operates.

—Journal of the National Education Association.

Photo by Stafford, Chicago

Relief Societies of Logan Square, University and Roseland Branches, Northern States Mission Chicago, Illinois.
Mrs. Rachel Grant Taylor, Mission President of Relief Societies indicated by circle.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Northern States Mission.

Mrs. Rachel Grant Taylor, president of the Relief Society of the Northern States mission, recently entertained the members of the three Chicago branches at a delightful social at the mission home. These branches are Logan Square, Roseland, and University. There were in all seventy-seven present, including ten children. A delightful musical program was given, including piano numbers by Brother Sam Williams, the well-known Salt Lake musician, who is studying in Chicago, and vocal solos by Sisters Anderson, Matheson, Swartwood, and Solum, who were accompanied by Mr. Williams. Delicious refreshments were served by Sister Taylor who was assisted by her charming daughter, Lucy, and the lady missionaries. During the afternoon the accompanying picture was taken which shows Sister Taylor in the center of the group, surrounded by her Chicago Relief Society workers.

When one hears the three Chicago branches spoken of, it sounds as though they might be immediately adjoining one another. However, such is not the case. Although these branches are all within the city limits, it requires an hour and fifteen minutes on the elevated to go from Logan Square, where the mission headquarters are located, to University branch, and about two hours to go to Roseland, almost the same time in travel as going from Salt Lake to Ogden and from Salt Lake to Provo. If one can imagine a Relief Society stake president in Salt Lake with a ward in Ogden to visit, and another in Provo, one would have a conception of the time it takes the mission president at Logan Square to visit the other two Chicago branches.

The largest of these three organizations is Logan Square. The officers are: President, Margaret Johnston; first counselor, Gwennie Matheson; second counselor, Aurora Dixon; secretary-treasurer, Elizabeth Dedekind; *Magazine* representative, Anna Lingreen. The University branch is located near the University of Chicago, where the majority of the students and their families live. It meets the needs of the people from the west who are temporarily there, as well as the resident members of that district. The president is Florence Anderson; first counselor, Alyce Perry; second counselor, Jessie Cardwell; secretary-treasurer, Erzel Mickley; *Magazine* representative, Edna Wadley. In Roseland the president is Paulena De Vries; first counselor, Maggie Walker; second counselor, Sadie Sutton; secretary-treasurer, Janette Walker.

These organizations hold meeting at eight o'clock in the evening, as so many are employed in the business world during the day, or else have no one with whom they can leave their children until evening.

In the Northern States mission there are in all thirteen Relief Society branches. They are all in splendid condition and enthusiastic over their work.

Utah Stake Reorganized.

Mrs. Inez Knight Allen, early in the year, resigned her position as president of the Relief Society of the Utah stake, and was honorably released, but with sincere regret, at the Utah stake conference held in January. Mrs. Allen's entire board was released with her. Mrs. Allen had served six years as president of the stake Relief Society and during that time she made an enviable record for real accomplishments. Previous to being appointed president, she served the stake three years as secretary and ten years as counselor. A woman of rare vision and real genius in public work, Mrs. Allen early in her administration made a survey of the work being done by her organization and also a survey of the needs in the community covered by the stake. She found that very effective work was being done in some of the departments, but the survey convinced her of two things: First, that more service and better service should be given along welfare lines in order to meet the real needs of the communities, and secondly, that it would be necessary to raise and distribute more money if certain types of constructive human welfare work were to be accomplished. After counseling with her board, and after consulting her priesthood authorities and the General Board, Mrs. Allen formulated plans and with her stake board, established a cooperative welfare department, which was called the *Community Welfare Department* of the Utah Stake Relief Society. This department was conducted under the supervision and direction of the local priesthood and the stake Relief Society, with Mrs. Annie D. Palmer, a trained social worker, acting as the executive secretary. The object of the department was constructive family work, and community betterment. The department has correlated the local work of the Relief Society, cooperated with the county and other local agencies, as well as with state agencies and institutions in the interest of humanity, and has become known throughout Utah and the west as an efficient and up-to-date family welfare agency. Utah stake is well known also for other phases of work, among which are its splendid union meetings and its excellent department and class work. The General Board takes this opportunity of expressing to Mrs. Allen and her faithful co-workers, deep appre-

ciation for their service and the high standards maintained in their work.

On Saturday, February 16, a reception was tendered Mrs. Allen and her associates on the stake board, by the new stake board and the ward officers. The social was held in College Hall, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, with eight hundred women in attendance. There was a delightful program and refreshments, after which the entire audience was given an opportunity to shake hands with the retiring officers and General Board visitors, who formed themselves into a receiving line for this purpose. Mrs. Allen was presented with a gorgeous bouquet of roses in a large cut glass bowl. Her counselors, Mrs. Annie D. Palmer and Mrs. Ina G. Hodson, each received roses in cut glass vases. All other board members were each given a copy of Edgar Guest's poems.

Mrs. Electa Smoot Dixon, a former member of Mrs. Allen's board and a capable and faithful Relief Society worker, was appointed to succeed Mrs. Allen as president of the Utah stake Relief Society. She will be assisted by Counselors Emma S. Jensen and Zina Murdock; Esthma C. Tanner, secretary-treasurer; and the following board members: Emily Nielson, Clara N. Giles, Nellie S. Thornton, Susie W. Poulton, Allie W. Clark, and Anna S. Bird.

Rigby Stake.

On the evening of January 18, 1924, in the Rigby stake amusement hall, the stake presidency and board members of the Rigby stake Relief Society gave a delightful entertainment in honor of the stake presidency and their wives, and members of the following auxiliary boards: Sunday School, Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., Religion Class, Primary, and Genealogical Society, with their wives and husbands and the bishopric and wives from First and Second wards. A total of one hundred and thirty guests were seated at two long banquet tables, which were loaded with the good viands that the Relief Society women know so well how to prepare. Red and white carnations and ferns formed the table decorations. Before being seated the guests all sang "O Ye Mountains High," and Stake President J. W. Hart offered the opening prayer.

After the splendid banquet the following program was rendered: Address of welcome, by President Elizabeth J. Hart; a retold story, by Mrs. Martha Ballantyne; a vocal solo, by Mrs. Belle Tall; a reading, by Mrs. Laura Watson and Mrs. Minnie Elsworth; piano duet, Mrs. Stella Brossard and Miss Blanche Brossard. A prognostication of board members was read by Mrs. Cora Burton and created much merriment. A short sketch was given by Brother William Hatch. The program was closed by

vocal numbers by Mrs. Alida Call Dixon of Oakland, California. After the program the floor was cleared for dancing. Very splendid music was furnished by the *Smiles Orchestra,* a company of young boys under direction of Mrs. Lucile Stowell. The old-time dances were much enjoyed by the merry company assembled. Mrs. Laura Watson, a retiring board member, was presented with a beautifully bound volume as a token of appreciation for her labors. At twelve o'clock the benediction was pronounced by W. W. Selck, Jr., of the stake presidency.

Samoan Mission.

The Samoan mission Relief Society has been reorganized. Mrs. Thurza Adams, who served faithfully and efficiently during her husband's presidency in this mission, was released to return home with President Adams. Mrs. Nettie L. Butler, wife of the new mission president, Ernest L. Butler, has been appointed Relief Society president, and is actively engaged in the work.

Logan Stake.

Mrs. Annie W. Clark of Logan First ward writes the *Magazine* as follows:

"I have enjoyed very much my visit to every family in our ward in the interest of our very splendid *Magazine.* I could talk much better for it than I could have done had I been getting ten cents out of each subscription. I got as much pleasure out of this work as any Relief Society work I have ever done. I assure you I gladly contribute my time to help the *Magazine* hold the price as low as possible. I believe we have the largest number this year in our ward we have ever had—sixty-one subscriptions now, and I have two more prospects a little later."

Hyrum Stake.

A very interesting review of the literary lessons of the past year was the feature of a program in the Mendon ward Relief Society early in the year. Paper and pencils were passed to all present and fifteen questions were asked. The answers were represented by different pictures and objects, which were numbered—the odd numbers representing the writings of the various authors and the even numbers, the authors. Two of the members got 100% in the examination, others got from 75% to 98%, the results showing that the lessons during the year have been well understood. Two prizes were given, the first prize being a book of *One Hundred and One Famous Poems.* The lesson and the examination were given in a very interesting and attractive manner by the class teachers, Sisters Jensen and Baker. After the program a tempting luncheon was served. The lesson work in

Mendon is always exceptionally good. Many of the literary lessons have been dramatized and features have been introduced in the other departments to make the class work interesting and successful.

Mrs. Rebecca Allen, who has been a member of the Hyrum stake board for twenty years, serving a goodly portion of that time as stake secretary, has resigned her position, due to change of residence. Mrs. Allen recently became the bride of William Lindley of Ogden and has gone with her husband to her new home. Mrs. Allen was a faithful member of the Relief Society and a most efficient secretary. She will be greatly missed by the women of Hyrum stake. Mrs. Millie Peterson has been appointed stake secretary to fill the vacancy caused by Mrs. Allen's release.

South Sanpete Stake.

Owing to the segregation of the South Sanpete stake into two stakes, Gunnison and South Sanpete, which took place last May, two new wards were organized in both Manti and Ephraim. This change really resulted in the reorganization of the Relief Societies throughout the South Sanpete stake with the exception of Sterling, and most splendid results have followed. There has been a reawakening throughout, and greater interest in Relief Society work. The teachers have been active in their work and in promoting a good feeling throughout the stake. In one of the wards, the Relief Society teachers in districts No. 2 and 4 entertained the old folks of those districts together with the mothers of the teachers. No. 2 served a tray luncheon, while No. 4 set tables. Splendid programs were rendered and calls were later made upon those who were unable to attend the function.

In early autumn the health centers were established, one in Manti and one in Ephraim under the supervision of the Relief Society stake board. Two clinics were held shortly after, under the management of the State Bureau of Child Hygiene.

During the past year two of the members of the stake board have each taken into their homes an infant to rear. These sisters have the responsibility of caring for these children and of bestowing upon them every attention with a tender solicitude for their need and comfort.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
,Then will light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt never more be sad or lone.
—James Russell Lowell.

DOROTHY Q.

Guide Lessons for June

LESSON I

Theology Lesson

(First Week in June)

THE PARABLES OF THE SAVIOR (Continued)

A. The Draw Net

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind: Which, when is was full, they drew to shore, and set down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away.

"So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." Matt. 13:47-50.

Evidently this parable was intended to teach two things: First, that in the Kingdom on the earth there would be found both righteous and unrighteous people; and, Second, as in the case of the tares there would come a time of segregation or classification according to real character worth.

Incomplete interpretation of this parable and the one of the tares has undoubtedly led to the doctrine of the consignment of the soul to one of two places. It is scarcely conceivable that in the net there would be but two kinds of fish, the worthless and the valuable, for it is a well known fact that the Sea of Galilee contained a variety of fish varying in usefulness, and the natural classification of the haul would be illustrative of the doctrine of gradation in salvation as plainly revealed in the dispensation of the fulness of times. Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 76. This parable is a good illustration of the difference between being *in* the Kingdom and being *of* the Kingdom.

B. The Unmerciful Servant—Matthew 18:23-25.

"Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant therefore fell down, and worshiped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion and loosed him and forgave him the debt.

"But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him an hundred pence, and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest. And his fellowservant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not; but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt.

"So when his fellowservants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desirest me: Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant, even as I had pity on thee?

"And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him. So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses."

Jesus, having taught the doctrine of justice, with figurative emphasis, now turns to the parabolic teaching of the doctrine of mercy.

In the parable of the unmerciful servant we see a portrayal of the truth that the perfection of justice depends upon mercy. The parable seems to be an answer to Peter's enquiry as to how many times one should forgive another. Among the heathens, the law "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," prevailed; among the Jews the limit of forgiveness was the fourth offense. Peter's inquiry extended beyond the three when he asked if even the seventh offense should be forgiven, and the announcement, not seven times but seventy times, was a startling one, and even that number was but figurative.

This parable has hidden in it the doctrine recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 64:9, 10, 11. The Savior vividly illustrated the beauty of the leniency of love and the ugliness of the oppression of greed. He showed the relationship of big-souledness and forgiveness. The debt of the unmerciful servant which was forgiven him by the merciful Lord was over three hundred million dollars, while the debt for which the greedy creditor cast his fellowservant into prison was less than twenty dollars.

The parable brings into play the usual inherent justice of public sentiment and the application of the law announced in the Lord's prayer "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." The forgiven debtor forfeited the forgiveness of his lord through unwillingness to forgive his fellowservant.

The parable plainly teaches that the moment we become unforgiving we become unworthy of forgiveness.

"O hearken, my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart;
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art.
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt;
Yet mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget."

The parable makes clear the fact that in Heaven there is no place for the unforgiving. The Lord cannot tolerate the companionship of the unmerciful and be what he is—"A God of mercy."

C. The Laborers in the Vineyard

This parable, recorded in Matthew 20:1-16, was called forth by Peter's question recorded in Matthew 19:27, and Peter's questions seems to have been provoked by the Savior's offer of salvation to the rich young man, Matthew 19:16-21.

Peter's question had in it an element of dissatisfaction with the Lord's promise of treasures in heaven to the man who had been enjoying wealth and ease while the apostles had been giving their all and themselves to the service of the Lord.

The answer, recorded in Matthew 19:28, must have been very gratifying to the apostles, as it provided for exaltation as well as the salvation promised in verse twenty-nine, but the statement recorded in verse thirty was full of mystery and possibly caused some apprehension in the minds of those who knew themselves to be first in service. The statement, however, was a recognition of the fact that waiting for employment is more arduous than waiting for pay.

Could the apostles have appreciated the inestimable value of the privilege of "following him" i. e., working under his direction and inspiration, they would have recognized that the late-comer, though he received the same material compensation as the early-comer did, could not receive equal with the early employee because the greatest compensation for service in the Kingdom is the privilege of serving.

The Lord taught them the lesson that he was the source of heavenly treasure (eternal life, and exaltation) for without him no service can reach these treasures.

After all, wherein is exaltation greater than salvation? The one is a state of preservation from the power of one's enemies; the other is all that and more, it is a state of being able to render superior service. This, the chief difference between salvation and exaltation, is a difference of opportunity to work. The higher the exaltation the greater the work. Work is progressive exaltation.

Questions and Problems

1. From what point of view may the parable of the draw net teach the doctrine of gradation of salvation?
2. Correlate the following quotation with the parable of the draw net: "On the silent shore to which we are all moving we shall find each one his peace."
3. Relate the parable of the unmerciful servant and state what, to your mind, is the chief lesson taught by it.
4. What was the heathen basis of settling differences and what was the Jewish limit of forgiveness at the time of giving this parable?
5. Correlate the doctrine taught by the parable of the unmerciful servant with Doctrine and Covenants 64:9-10 and with the Lord's prayer.
6. Discuss this statement: To ask for forgiveness when one is unwilling to forgive is to ask that the Savior's statement be made untrue.
7. What were the circumstances which brought forth the parable of the laborers in the vineyard?
8. What was the evident object of this parable?
9. From what point of view is the one longest in God's service always best paid?
10. Discuss the following as an expression of the highest desire:

> May life eternal be my share,
> Under my Redeemer's care;
> With those I love—eternal joy,
> Eternal *work* in God's employ.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in June)

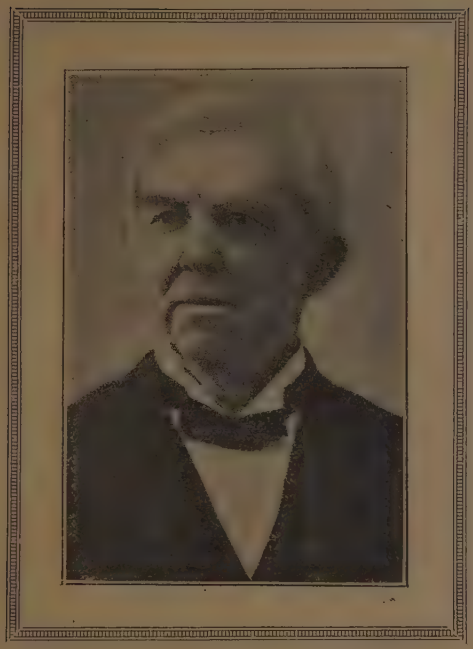
LESSON III

Literature

(Third week in June)

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Oliver Wendell Holmes is one of the most interesting authors that America has had from the standpoint of personality. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809, and died in 1894. He comes of one of the old aristocratic families of Boston, having his residence on Beacon Hill. One of his ancestors was Dorothy



Quincy. In this issue of the *Magazine* we include her portrait and Doctor Holmes' poem *Dorothy Q.*, written to her.

Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view,—
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell,—
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn,—
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring,—
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another, to nine tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover,—and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,—
Edward's and Dorothy's—all their own,—
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!—
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

Dr. Holmes was educated at Andover Theological Seminary and at Harvard University. He chose medicine as his profession, did some writing on medical subjects, and was, until he reached his seventy-third year, professor of Anatomy in the Medical College of Harvard University.

Anatomy is usually thought of among medical students, as a rather dry subject, yet Doctor Holmes made it so interesting that he was greeted with applause at the close of each of his lectures, a thing almost unknown in other colleges. He did practice medicine, but it was said that he cured more patients through contact with his life-giving, cheerful personality than through any medical treatment he prescribed.

The world knows him chiefly as a poet and it is by his poetry that he will live, nevertheless, at Harvard University they knew him as a man of science. President Eliot said in substance, at a banquet given to him at a birthday celebration, "you who are gathered here know Doctor Holmes chiefly as a poet, but on the Harvard campus, we know him chiefly as a physician," and "I want to assure you that he handles the scalpel as skillfully as he does the pen."

Doctor Holmes is conspicuous as an occasional poet, and could furnish a poem appropriate for practically any occasion. He wrote:

"I'm a florist in verse,
And what would people say,
If I came to a banquet,
Without my bouquet."

He made the class of 1829, of Harvard University, famous, never failing to make a contribution each year when they gathered. We shall take up some of the best known poems to the class of '29 in the next lesson.

There is a strain of humor running through much that Holmes has written, consequently, he was always welcome wherever he chanced to be; he was immensely popular in social circles. "Early in life he acquired the reputation of being the best talker ever heard in Boston, and this he maintained unbroken to the end." The last appearance of Holmes in public is so thoroughly worth-while that we include the story in this lesson.

The National Teachers' Association was to meet in Boston and the committee felt sure, from the fact that Boston and its environs are so important, historically, that a very large number of teachers would assemble. In this conjecture they were not mistaken, for 20,000 came together, which chanced to be the largest number that had met prior to that time, at any association meeting. The committee wanted to feature some entertainment that would be especially attractive to the teachers, so they suggested a literary dinner. But said one of their number, "Trowbridge and Thomas Bailey Aldrich would hardly fit the situation and the others are all gone." They felt this to be true because Doctor Holmes had grown so feeble that he was no longer appearing in public. Said one, "If we could just manage to have Doctor Holmes, it would be the most unique entertainment that we could possibly offer"; so the committee made up its mind to see what could be done.

The committee waited on Doctor Holmes, and he called his physician who told him that if the day was clear, and he'd promise not to shake hands with anyone, and not take part on the program, he might attend the banquet. The entertainment was announced and there was a scramble for tickets, for everybody knew that it would, in all probability, be Doctor Holmes' last appearance in public. When the day arrived the poet disobeyed orders. The day was murky, but he left his home. He was placed on the platform off from the company, but when he recognized in the group so many of his old friends he refused to be off by himself and insisted on shaking hands with them. When the banquet had almost concluded, he requested the privilege of taking part, drawing from his pocket a poem written for the occasion, entitled *The Teacher.*

His introduction to his book of poems is especially good, so we are including it in the lesson:

TO MY READERS

Nay, blame me not; I might have spared
Your patience many a trivial verse,
Yet these my earlier welcome shared,
So, let the better shield the worse.

And some might say, "Those ruder songs
Had freshness which the new have lost;
To spring the opening leaf belongs,
The chestnut-burs await the frost."

When those I wrote, my locks were brown,
When these I write—ah, well-a-day!
The autumn thistle's silvery down
Is not the purple bloom of May!

Go, little book, whose pages hold
Those garnered years in loving trust;
How long before your blue and gold
Shall fade and whiten in the dust?

O sexton of the alcoved tomb,
Where souls in leathern cerements lie,
Tell me each living poet's doom!
How long before his book shall die?

It matters little, soon or late,
A day, a month, a year, an age,—
I read oblivion in its date,
And Finis on its title-page.

Before we sighed, our griefs were told;
Before we smiled, our joys were sung:
And all our passions shaped of old
In accents lost to mortal tongue.

In vain a fresher mould we seek,—
Can all the varied phrases tell
That Babel's wandering children speak
How thrushes sing or lilacs smell?

Caged in the poet's lonely heart,
Love wastes unheard its tenderest tone;
The soul that sings must dwell apart,
Its inward melodies unknown.

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled,—
The promise still outruns the deed,—
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms; if they wear
One streak of morn or evening's glow,
Accept them; but to me more fair
The buds of song that never blow.

Soon after Holmes finished his work at Andover, a matter in the public press so stirred his soul that he wrote *Old Ironsides.*

The story goes, that "in the Charleston Navy Yard, at this time, was the old frigate *Constitution,* which the government proposed to break up as unfit for service, thoughtless of the desecration.

"The poem, the first to make its author famous, was written in 1830, and first published in *The Boston Advertiser.* From these columns it was extensively copied by other newspapers throughout the country, and handbills containing the verses were circulated in Washington. The eloquent, patriotic outburst not only brought instant fame to the young poet, but so thoroughly aroused the heart of the people that the grand old vessel was saved from destruction."

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

I feel sure that it will be of interest to our readers to know that Doctor Holmes, as well as being one of the first and one of the most gifted contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, was the person who gave the magazine its name. Concerning this matter, William Dean Howells said at the celebration on the anniversary of his seventieth birthday:

"The fact is known to you all, and I will not insist upon it, but it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who not only named, but who made the *Atlantic*. How did he do this? Oh, very simply! He merely invented a new kind of literature, something so beautiful and rare and fine that while you were trying to determine its character as monologue or colloquy, prose or poetry, philosophy or humor, it was gradually penetrating your conscience with a sense that the best of all these had been fused in one—a perfect form, an exquisite wisdom, an unsurpassable grace."

In our last lesson we gave you Lowell's poem, *Under the Washington Elm*. In this lesson we shall include Holmes' poem, *Under the Washington Elm*:

Eighty years have passed, and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
Half is left to do,—
Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington!
When the battle is fought and won,
What shall be told of you?

Hark!—'tis the south-wind moans,—
Who are the martyrs down?
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones
That sprinkled with blood the cursed stones
Of the murder-haunted town!

What if the storm-clouds blow?
What if the green leaves fall?
Better the crashing tempest's throe
Than the army of worms that gnawed below;
Trample them one and all!

Then, when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun
When Liberty's second April sun
Was bright on our brave old tree!

Holmes lives to be eight-three, dying just about a year after England's laureate poet, Alfred Tennyson. He lived long enough to write the epitaph of all his brother singers, of the New England group, and practically wrote his own in the poem, *The Last Leaf,* which we include:

"I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

"But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone.'

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

"My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

"But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

Questions and Problems

1. Select the two lines from Holmes' poem *To My Readers* that describe the poet in his old age.
2. How does Holmes describe a librarian in this poem?
3. What idea is the poet trying to convey in the last stanza?
4. What emotion do you think prompted and inspired the writing of *Old Ironsides?*
5. Compare Lowell's lines *Under the Washington Elm* and Holmes' on the same subject.
6. Which of the two poets do you think has been most successful in his tribute? Tell Why?
7. Read with care the last three stanzas of the poem *The Last Leaf* and tell what you think of it as descriptive poetry.
8. Select a comparison in the fifth stanza that you think is especially happy.
9. Turn to the picture of *Dorothy Q* in the *Magazine* and see how portrait and poem compare.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in June)

INTERPRETING SOCIAL DIFFICULTIES

The process of gathering the facts of a family's or an individual's social problems should be accompanied by another conscious process. In learning the facts of a difficult situation, the person, who attempts to be helpful in bringing about a solution of the problem, very early endeavors to interpret the nature and causes of the situation. The social adviser works much in the same manner that a doctor does when he studies his patient, observing the symptoms—the temperature, the pulse, the respiration the infected areas, etc., meanwhile interpreting the symptoms and arriving at a diagnosis.

The process of interpretation in working with social problems comes into operation soon after observation begins. But even though symptoms or evidences of difficulties may be quite obvious, it may take days or even weeks before these various social symptoms can be related to one another and expressed in terms of a diagnosis. In the meantime the several elements that make for normal standards and normal living should be studied and analyzed and treated. Unsatisfactory health, employment, income, shelter, housekeeping, school attendance, etc., should all be observed and treated during the process of study. Later, these elements should be related to one another so that an understanding of the whole difficulty is reached.

To be able to select the important, the permanent, and significant factors from the unimportant, the transitory, and the irrelevant factors in a situation is the secret of successful social interpretation. No definite set of instructions can be given as to what should be done when ill-health, delinquency, or discouragement assail an individual. The study and interpretation must be personal, individual and varying. Which elements should receive attention and emphasis is, of course, controlled by the particular situation.

Perhaps a simple illustration will give these generalizations more meaning. An elderly couple lived in convenient pleasant rooms in a comfortable home. A small pension covered the expense of their simple, daily needs, but the loss of a pocket-book created a temporary distress. They had no friends or relatives to whom they could appeal at this time. In fact, they seemed very much alone. They did not go out much, for they had no place in particular to go. They had never had children. The woman had no relatives in this country and the man's sisters and brothers had

all died over twenty years before, and he had lost all trace of his neices and nephews. They had met better fortune and had married well—one neice to a man who worked in a bank.

The resourceful, social-minded friend succeeded in doing much for this lonely couple. She heard the story of their present misfortune and also listened to many reminiscences which they enjoyed telling to a sympathetic friend. During her calls on them she was friendly and interested and cared for their immediate needs, but meanwhile she consciously and deliberately studied their lives attempting to select and emphasize in her treatment the important elements of the situation.

Although they talked of many early experiences, their school and work, the friend realized that school marks and training and work records had no great significance, for their careers of training and working were over. She was, however, alert for names of early friends or relatives, who, though now separated for a long period, might still be interested in renewing the broken ties. She learned the particulars of the pension. She, of course, was interested in their health, but nothing indicated the need of medical advice at this time. She brought them books to read, and succeeded in getting them to attend a party in the neighborhood. But while she was supplementing the income, supervising their health, and supplying diversion and recreation, she came more and more to understand that the elderly, lonely couple were lonely because they were completely separated from their past and because the natural bonds of friendship and family had been entirely broken.

A neice was located. A series of letters starting with the business school where the uncle had last heard of the neice, and including her first employer, and the bank in which her husband was formerly employed, finally brought to light her present whereabouts. The banker and his wife, now both middle-aged themselves, were as pleased as the old couple when the introductions were made. Other neices and nephews and their children were brought into the picture and the bonds of the past were happily rewelded. The loneliness of the couple's declining years was much relieved to the great satisfaction of the alert, understanding friend, who had conscientiously, painstakingly, and deliberately searched for the information that resulted in such a pleasant end.

Reference: *Normal Life—The Individual Normal Life,* pages 5-9.

1. Why is it impossible to determine instantly or quickly the nature of a social difficulty?
2. Why were school records unimportant in the illustration?
3. Give an example where school records would be of great importance.

4. Why is it desirable to connect people with relatives from whom they have become separated or estranged?

5. If the neice had been estranged instead of separated, might the friend still have succeeded in bringing about a reunion? How might she have proceeded?

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JUNE

Recreation

"If thou art merry, praise the Lord with singing, with music, with dancing and with a prayer of praise and thanksgiving." Doc. and Cov. Sec. 136:25.

A. Discuss careful preparation for recreation and amusement during the summer holidays.

B. Avoid extremes and excesses in patronage of resorts, at the same time enjoy in moderation and seek the out-of-doors.

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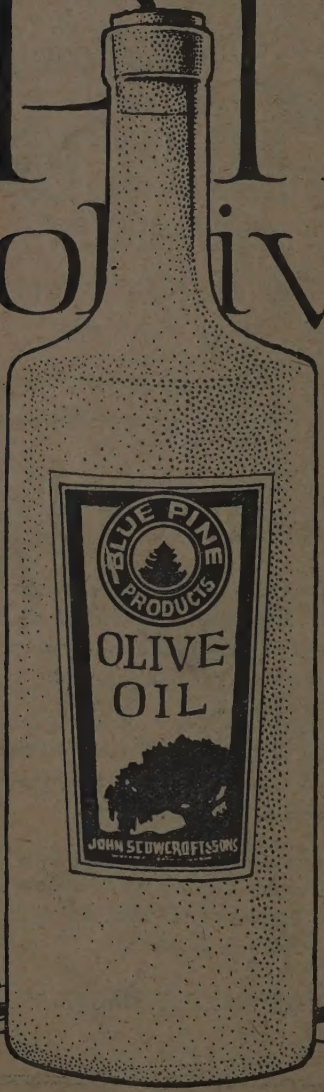

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